

THE  
**MIRROR OF THE STAGE**

OR,  
**New Dramatic Censor;**

CONSISTING OF  
ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,  
**CRITICISMS**

ON THE  
**NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS:**  
ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

&c. &c. &c.

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*Embellished with a striking Portrait of*  
**Mr. SINCLAIR, as PRINCE ORLANDO,**  
*In "THE CABINET."*

**LONDON:**

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B.'s lines are intended for insertion as soon as our limits admit;—the same to N—s A—t. We shall trust to our Correspondents' good feeling towards us for this delay.

Mr. S. L. Blanchard's valuable communications has been received.—The dramatic scene in our next; and the remainder of his favors as soon as possible.

"The Seven Wise Men of *Dreary Lane*" has come safely to hand, and shall have a place in our next.

We are obliged to T. G. Clerkenwell, for the anecdotes of Sadler's Wells, and shall avail ourselves of his marked kindness.

Mr. S. of the Adelphi, has laid us under obligations for the promptitude with which he so politely complied with our request.

The MS. of the "**BANISHED PATRIOT**" shall certainly be inserted. **ZACHARIAS** is mistaken;—we have no favorites at any Theatre; we deal with all alike;—praise, if merited, censure as they deserve.

"No **PLAGIARIST**" will find a *reprint* of the memoir he mentions in the pages of a Monthly work devoted to the *Drama*, whose Editor has no punishment in his **CREED** for "picking and stealing."

A full account of the judicial proceedings against the Surrey Theatre in our next.

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## LIABILITIES OF ACTORS.

IN a former number we inserted the trial of **ELLISTON v. WEBSTER**;—we now subjoin the proceedings since that period. We do so from the hope of its proving useful to our professional friends.

In the course of last Term, Mr. Sergeant Vaughan obtained a rule to show cause why the verdict should not be set aside, and a non-suit entered, on the ground of a material difference between the plaintiff's pleadings and the proof adduced.

Mr. Serjeant Taddy appeared this day to show cause against the rule. After the reading of most of his notes of the trial by the learned judge, the learned serjeant observed, that the question for the decision of the court was this:—Whether, according to the evidence, the defendant's engagement ended in *Passion-week*; or whether it went on to the closing of the theatre for the season. The plaintiff contended, that the engagement was to be taken in the last-mentioned sense, and therefore in the counts of his pleading laid the alleged breach of contract in May. The defendant contended, that this being after *Passion-week*, at which time, according to his view of it, the *first* season ended, was erroneously pleaded, as his engagement had expired in that week, and from

thence to the closing of the theatre he should be considered as playing from week to week. The learned serjeant was proceeding, when the court interfered, and asked what damages had been given.

Mr. Serjeant Taddy replied, a shilling damages and costs. His client did not go for damages; all his client wanted was the maintenance of the principle that such contracts should be observed.

Mr. Justice Park.—Without giving any opinion on the merits of this case either way, would it not be better that there should be a *stet processus*? This poor man will be ruined if the costs of these matters fall on him. As Mr. Elliston, I dare say, wants nothing more than the establishment of the principle that such engagements shall not be broken at pleasure, he will have no objection to this recommendation of the court.

Mr. Serjeant Taddy, after consulting with the attorney in the case, asked for time till to-morrow, when his client might be consulted.

The court granted the time, intimating a hope that, after their recommendation, they should hear no more of the case.

The next day Mr. Taddy informed the court, that the plaintiff had adopted the suggestion thrown out by their lordships, and that all further proceedings would therefore be stayed.

The Defendant returned to his engagements, and is now playing at *Dreary Lane*.

THE  
**Mirror of the Stage;**  
OR,  
NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.



"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;  
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;  
And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure."

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No.8.] MONDAY, Dec. 1, 1823. [Vol. III.

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MEMOIR OF MR. SINCLAIR.

MR. SINCLAIR was born in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh in the year 1790; and having from a child evinced great inclination for music, no pains were spared to procure him instructions in it; he afterwards went to Aberdeen, where he continued teaching for some time, until having paid a visit to London in 1811, for the purpose of hearing the most celebrated professors there, he was introduced to Mr. T. WELSH, who took him as a pupil for three years, and having presented him to Mr. HARRIS, of Covent Garden Theatre, he was immediately engaged by that gentleman for five years, afterwards lengthened to seven, Mr. T. WELSH sharing his salary, benefits, country engagements, &c. during the three years he remained under his tuition. Mr. S's first appearance at Covent Garden, was in the character of *Don Carlos*, in the '*Dianna*.' Mr. SINCLAIR was married in 1816, at Edinburgh, to the daughter of the late Capt. NORTON, (who fell in Egypt, under Sir RALPH ABERCROMBY), to whom he had for some time been secretly attached, the marriage took place without the consent of her mother;  
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but a reconciliation was speedily effected by the means of her father-in-law. Mr. S's engagement at Covent Garden being terminated in July 1818, he refused every offer made to him of renewing it, and his fortune being sufficient, without the aid of the theatre, he resolved to fulfil the favourite desire he always had of going to Italy, for the purpose of studying under the first masters, and of hearing all the best music of that country, and passed the remainder of the year and part of the following, in fulfilling different engagements he had contracted in the North, and in various country towns in England. Mr. SINCLAIR left England, in April 1819, for Paris, where he continued for some time, receiving constant instructions from PELLEGRINI, the celebrated singer at the Italian Opera there; in the autumn he went to Milan, and studied under BANDERALI, one of the masters of the *Conservatoire*, which he frequently attended, to study their method of teaching, &c. Being at that time undetermined whether he would, or would not sing on the Continent, he refused an engagement offered him while there, and

resolved, before he did appear on an Italian stage, to hear every singer of note in Italy, and study their different styles, which he accomplished by visiting every town in Italy, where any celebrated opera was performing, or singer engaged.—In the spring of 1820 he went to Naples, making a short stay at Florence and Rome. On going to Naples, he sung to ROSSINI, and by his request, to the manager of St. Carlo, who instantly offered him an engagement of too long a duration to meet his own views; however, after a little deliberation, the manager offered him terms for a twelvemonth, which were agreed to, when a sudden stop was put to all negotiations between them, by the breaking out of the Neapolitan Revolution. The members of the constitution having forbid the continuance of the gaming-tables, the great source of the manager's profit, by which he was so greatly involved, that he refused to conclude any unsigned engagements, amongst which was Mr. SINCLAIR'S, who found himself under the necessity of giving up the theatre for a time, and leaving Naples. During Mr. S.'s abode in Naples, he had the benefit of ROSSINI'S advice and assistance, which he likewise enjoyed at Venice, where most of the music he sung was written for him by that master, who was appointed the composer during Mr. S.'s engagement. Among Mr. S.'s masters at Naples were CARLINI, the composer for St. Carlo, and MOSCA, the teacher of singing.—Mr. S. finding his engagement at Naples retarded, at least until things were in a more settled state, resolved to avail himself of some offers he had received from the North of Italy, and proceeded to Florence, in the summer of 1821, where he continued some time receiving instructions from CECCHERINI, whose style of singing is so justly admired there.

In the Carnival of 1821-2, he made his first appearance at Pisa, in ROSSINI'S opera of '*Torvaldo and Dorlisca*;' he had, previously to his singing in public, been sent for by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose court was then at Pisa, who rewarded him most liberally for his exertions, and expressed his satisfaction in terms of the highest praise. His reception at the theatre surpassed his expectation. In March, 1822, he went to Bologna, where he was voted Member of the Philharmonic Academy, considered the greatest distinction in Italy, and an honor but rarely conferred.—After his first engagement he never sang but in the *Opera Seria*, to sing in which is considered the highest attainment of singers. In the summer of 1822, he sung at Modena in ROSSINI'S opera of '*Eduardo and Cristina*;' and in Florence, in the Autumn, in ROSSINI'S '*Aureliano in Palmyra*,' and GENERALI'S opera of the '*Baccanali di Roma*,' and in Venice, at the following Carnival, in ROSSINI'S '*Mahomet the Second*,' '*Ricciardo and Zoraida*,' and '*Semiramide*;' ROSSINI was then the composer. In Genoa, the spring of 1823, he performed *King James*, in the '*Donna del Lago*,' and in ROSSINI'S opera of '*Zelmira*.' At Venice he had the honour of singing at the Grand Concert given there to the Emperors of Russia and Austria; at Genoa and at the court of the King of Sardinia, where he terminated his engagements in Italy, having refused highly advantageous offers from Turin, Barcelona, &c. &c. and also from Naples and Vienna, from the now re-established manager of St. Carlo, and proprietor likewise of that of Vienna; in consequence of having concluded, in last December, an engagement with Mr. C. KEMBLE for fifty nights at Covent Garden Theatre.

The foregoing particulars are gained from the *first source* of information. We have, in another part, spoken of Mr. SINCLAIR'S talents as a singer; yet our limits alone prevent us from reiterating our opinions—so uncontrollable is the fascination of genius.

The affixed portrait is, we believe, the only one for which Mr. S. has sit since his return to England.

### Literary Review.

#### CAIUS GRACCHUS,

*A Tragedy, in 5 Acts,* by JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

This is a work of great simplicity, and not entirely deficient of that elegance which sometimes adorns unstudied language. The poet does not prevail strongly it is true:—there are no intense bursts of passion to shock the heart and surprise the sense; but the calm oration of cool, collected reason is met with throughout. When we say, there is no poetry, we would not wish to be thought upholding the drivelling metaphors of 'sun-lit roses,' 'heart-refreshing dews,' and 'soul-visiting zephyrs';—neither are we admirers of the Irving school, where we find 'this glorious earth' in one line 'a womb,' and in the following 'an ear!' These things are too complicated for our apprehension, though they have a most imposing sound; but if our readers ask us *what* in our minds is poetry, we refer them to the dream of *Sardanapalus*, or that exquisite burst of *Cain*—

"Oh, thou beautiful  
And unimaginable ether!"—

Be it understood, we are not so unjust towards Mr. KNOWLES as indirectly to compare him with BYRON:—we merely refer to the

above, in order to show to what inspiration language may be brought, thence drawing the line between passion and mere propriety. In the scenes of the *Citizens*, there is a nerve in their replies, and discontents; but the same things have been done by SHAKESPEARE: we cannot forget the mob of *Julius Cæsar*, and *Coriolanus*. The following answer of *Gracchus* to his mother, in reply to her dissuading him from going to the temple, is well conceived:—

*Caius Gracchus.* And should I therefore sink with the base times?

What, mother, what!—Are the Gods also base?

Is virtue base? Is honour sunk?

Is manhood

A thing contemptible—and not to be Maintain'd? Remember you Messina, mother?

Once from its promontory we beheld  
A galley in a storm; and as the bark  
Approach'd the fatal shore, could  
well discern

The features of the crew with horror all

Aghast, save one! Alone he strove  
to guide

The prow, erect amidst the horrid war

Of winds and waters raging.—With one hand

He rul'd the hopeless elm—the other strain'd

The fragment of a shiver'd sail—his brow

The while bent proudly on the scowling surge,

At which he scowl'd again.—The vessel struck!

One man alone bestrode the wave,  
and rode

The foaming courser safe! 'Twas he, the same!—

You clasp'd your Caius in your arms,  
and cried,

"Look, look, my son! the brave man ne'er despairs;

And lives where cowards die!" I would but make  
 Due profit of your lesson.  
 And the return of *Gracchus* to his domestic scenes, with their vauation—  
*Caius Gracchus*. What meant the boy by starting when he let Me in?—What's in my face, to make him hold  
 His breath, and change his colour at? I thought  
 At first the house was not my own—and never  
 Look'd it so like my own.—A hundred objects,  
 Day after day I've pass'd, with just as much  
 Of consciousness as they had not been here,  
 I now distinguish with a feeling of Such recognition, as invests them with

The worth of precious things.—The common couch  
 Stands in our supper-room, a dozen times  
 A day I've thrown myself upon, without  
 Thought it supported me—when now I pass'd it,  
 I could not help but stop, as it had been  
 Some special minister of happiness  
 Did challenge salutation.

And these are the tone of the tragedy throughout; with this assertion it were needless to couple the remark that in reading it falls far short of the opinion awakened by its representation—the forcible genius of the actor endows it with a supernumerary charm, which is rendered more astonishing from closet disappointment.

## Theatrical Diary.

### DRURY LANE.

November 15th, *Rob Roy*, *Cataract*.—17th, *Winter's Tale*, *Cataract*.—18th, *Caius Gracchus*, *Cataract*.—19th, *Caius Gracchus*, *Cataract*.—20th, *Caius Gracchus*, *Cupid and Folly*, *Cataract*.—21st, *Caius Gracchus*, *Old and Young*, *Cataract*.—22nd, *Caius Gracchus*, *Deaf as a Post*, *Cataract*.—24th, *Winter's Tale*, *Cataract*.—25th, *Road to Ruin*, *Cataract*.—26th, *Caius Gracchus*, *Deaf as a Post*, *Cataract*.

#### CAIUS GRACCHUS.

The above-named tragedy has been produced with some success. We have sufficiently descanted on its literary pretensions above. The incidents are as follow:

It commences with an attempt made in the Forum by *Optimius* (Mr. ARCHER), to decree the death of *Vettius* (YOUNGE), who is accused of treason, but is acquitted by the people at the instance of *Caius Gracchus* (MACREADY), who suddenly appears in the Forum, and pleads on his behalf. The influence of *Caius Gracchus* being dreaded by the Consul, he is appointed Questor to *Optimius*, and sent into a remote province. He, however, returns unexpectedly, and although accused of disobedience, is nevertheless acquitted by

the people in *Campus Martius*, and chosen one of their Tribunes. In this office he enjoys the greatest popularity: but *Optimius*, who gets the Consulship, plots his destruction, and induces *Drusus* (POPE), to become jealous of his colleague, and to alienate the affections of the people from his person. In the meantime *Optimius* (who has become Consul,) insults and publicly reviles *Caius* as he is proceeding to the sacrifice. The friends of *Caius* incite him to revenge, and some of their body murder one of the lictors who has arrived to bid them disperse. This outrage compels them to provide for their own safety, and the friends of *Caius Gracchus*, with the rabble, arm themselves to resist the attack of the Consul and Roman patri-cians. After much entreaty they prevail on *Caius* to head them: which determination when imparted to his mother *Cornelia*, (Mrs. BURN), and his wife



*Licinia*, (Mrs. WEST), is strongly but ineffectually opposed. The result of this act of revolt brings the adherents of *Caius* into conflict with the patricians; the former being defeated, *Caius* retreats to the Temple of Diana, whither his mother, wife and child had previously fled, and the moment of the entry of the enemy led on by *Optimus*, he stabs himself and falls dead *a-la-Cæsar*.

MACREADY throws a portion of that force into *Gracchus* which so eminently distinguishes his portraiture of *Virginus*; but the opportunities for passionate display are not so frequent as in the Roman father. The transition not so rapid, nor the situation so effective. His senate scene, where he pleads for *Vettius*, is admirable for its calm dignity and constancy of purpose. His warding the machinations of *Optimus* cool yet forcible; and the departure from his wife, with his silencing of her fears, the husband in his best shape. In fact in any other hands than those of MACREADY, this tragedy must have failed; but he possesses a peculiarity of style, a passionate yet dignified manner, admirably suited to this line of character; it is his own: even KEAN must fail in *Virginus*; the death of *Gracchus* is rendered rather effective by the actor; but he has to struggle through the tragedy against a listlessness, a poverty of action, which takes from the regret which his demise should inspire. Man is an ungrateful creature, and he must be thoroughly

reminded of benefits committed ere he can in the least pay the dues of thankfulness or sorrow. The fate of *Gracchus* is not sufficiently contrasted with the nobility of his deeds; and the dying hero is not endeared by assured service. There is no actor but MACREADY in the tragedy. YOUNGE was respectable as *Vettius*; but why are we, (to use a pun of Walter Scott) *Terri-fied* in Tragedy. We were 'astonished' by Mr. T.'s prologue, his acting 'AMAZED' us.

Mrs. WEST, as *Licinia*, was modest, gentle, and affectionate; yet, we think too much of the second quality for received notions of a Roman wife. Mrs. BUNN gave dignity to *Cornelia*; we had hoped a better part: *Cornelia* is a mere walking Roman mother. There was a precious composition let off which was called in the bills 'an epilogue.' The audience assured Mr. ELLISTON that they would not receive such trash, though presented by Miss BOOTH, Mrs. ORGER, &c.—Who wrote it? Some say the author of 'The Doge Meat Man'; some say there was a meeting of the heads of the establishment. If this thing was intended in conjunction with others to draw money, the opinion of Doctor Johnson is veritable, 'the man who can make a pun CAN PICK A POCKET.'

#### COVENT GARDEN.

November 15th, *The Gamester*, *Millers Maid*.—17th, *The Cortez*, *Forty Thieves*. 18th, *Cortez*, *Husbands and Wives*.—19th, *Cabinet*, *Cent per Cent*.—20th, *Cortez*, *Miller's Maid*.—21st, *Gamester*, *Timour the Tartar*.—22nd, *Cabinet*, *Timour the Tartar*.—24th, *King John*, *Timour the Tartar*.—25th, *Cabinet*, *Timour the Tartar*.—26th, *Cortez*, *A Roland for an Oliver*.

#### THE GAMESTER.

MOORE's reasonable tragedy of the above name has been played with decided effect at this theatre. Indeed, ability of the first order is

indispensible for the representation of this piece, which receives but little aid from situation or language, though domestic interest, perhaps, touches us more near than

events which threaten kings and overturn states. We can more readily enter into the feelings of a man in a middle sphere of life; but there is a barrier which pomp and ceremony, and worldly observance form between our sympathies and the more elevated beings of this world;—we were going to say, of *creation*. The fall of Napoleon, in the first instance, excited in every liberal mind a feeling of pity and surprise, which feeling speaks the precedence of soul, pausing in admiration over the ruin, that noble impulse, and the energy of self-defence have rendered inevitable. When the great man falls, remembrance contrasts what he was with what he is:—the trappings which obscured the *man* are rent asunder, and we feel in common with him from his adversity. The “escapes by flood and field,” which he and every man in like situation have encountered, excited no other questioning in us than that of curiosity; but NAPOLEON, in his exile, was more closely allied to our cares from the similitude of our feelings.—The shocks that visited him on the throne of France we may imagine, but cannot *know*: the petty insults of little dirty minds that encircled his prison’s hearth, happy is the man who in a humbler sphere of life, cannot, from his experience in *kind*, judge of. The husband and the father, sympathize with the prisoner of St. Helena: policy, it was said, demanded the tearing of connubial ties;—and authority, against which the scorn and hatred of their age—and the indignation of men unborn will vent their feeling—kept from the father’s eyes a poor bust of his infant offspring—

“—— Infamy  
Will brand *his* mem’ry for’t; posterity  
—— will keep the shame  
Green in her damning record.”

The brave, the newly-butchered RIEGO at whose murder humanity starts, and mourns the death of manly impulse that longer permits the savage, cowardly cause to pollute the earth—horrible principles some will shriek—but let every man who is a son or brother imagine for an instant the cool-blooded “deep-damnation of his taking-off”—and then say, *where*, if alive to the least workings of just revenge,—he should point the shaft, and take *his own*—his true debt of life.—“*Whosoever spills blood, his blood shall be spilt*”—your apathetic reasoners,—your political argumentators, are fond of shutting their hearts, and opening their BIBLES; let them make the most of this. Does not the fate of this slaughtered hero associate feelings of the liveliest kind for the total annihilation of domestic peace?—It may be said what have we to do with politics? we but use them in comparison—

“All the world’s a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players—”

The widow of poor RIEGO, now a desolate one. We cannot repress expressing our hope that the measures projected for her sake will be promptly met with, and secure to her little remaining life those few comforts which the world can now bestow. She is, we understand, suffering under a consumptive disease, which aided by this recent blow, will make her probably but a short tenant here—true feeling would so desire. We perhaps, have wandered too far on this subject; but we first commenced in order to contrast actual with fictitious misery, and if in the pursuit some may think we have expressed ourselves too warmly, it was a good feeling which prompted us, and we envy not the



consideration that would blot a word,—that reason becomes apathy which would reprove the warm impulse of honest indignation.

To return: the '*Gamester*' has none of those powerful awakenings of the fancy formed by poetic language, or aggravated situation:—as a literary work, it is one of much reason, and sober sentiment; a performance truly sensible, yet mediocre. The appeals to the judgment want that force and character necessary for great excitement, therefore render the actor's task one of greater difficulty, from the need of powerful assistants.—The vice of gambling is well deprecated, but not strongly.—*Beverley* has but few reminiscences to wake a horror for the custom—he is betrayed, degraded by the pursuit, yet remains nearly a passive victim:—he is hurried onward by gathering circumstance, aided by the proneness of habit, and scarcely questions more than an instant, and is, we think, for a man of strong mind, too easily re-entangled in the snares of play. The moral of his fate is more adapted to the eye, the visual certainty of the gamester's end, than instilling principles into the mind against the dangerous fascination. We see *Beverley's* death—but we bring away with us no seconding influence received from language made more impressive by the artist's skill. Gaming is a vice which might meet a more severe and successful castigation than given by MOORE.

YOUNG's *Beverley* is a performance of exquisite taste and beauty:—his delineation of the fevered life of a gamester, rendered more agonizing when operating on a sensitive and virtuous mind, evinced an actor deeply read in the feelings of human nature, and conspicuously favored with powers for

their just developement. His first scene in the *Hell* (an epithet at present, unfortunately too well understood to call for a note) after a night passed with knaves and sharpers, was powerfully descriptive of the employment of the past hours:—the disposition of his features spoke the internal misery of hopes and fears that had racked his frame.—We had a retrospective knowledge of the convulsive shake of the dice-box, the intense questioning of the eyes, and the frantic self-abandonment at the last unsuccessful hazard. All the passions that infect the atmosphere of a gambling-house—that make men furies and then villains,—had evidently torn the soul of YOUNG's *Beverley*. The subsequent scenes were equally powerful—his instability of purpose, and after-sinning, beautiful:—but his greatest effort was the last scene, where he has taken poison—it was the almost instantaneous palsy of function;—a beautiful illustration of "*old in sin*," for he appeared with the accumulating horrors of his wife's appearance, the knowledge of his uncle's death, whose fortune he had rashly anticipated, begging his offspring,—stricken grey in the prime of manhood; with the poison making—

" ——— so hot a summer in his bosom,  
That all his bowels crumbled up to dust;  
He was a scribbled form, drawn with a  
pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Did he shrink up."

The most flattering acclamations followed his death.

COOPER, as *Stukely* gave much point to the character, no actor can do much with the part, it is "so begrimed with malice," without the least redeeming quality of daring in its vice—the fearless spring of the tyger is more to be

admired than the warfare of the creeping reptile. Of *Lewson* we must speak particularly, as it gave us the satisfaction of congratulating Mr. C. KEMBLE on the example he bestowed in the acting of (for him assuredly) so trivial a part—CHAPMAN, as *Jarvis*, was more than respectable.

Mrs. BARTLEY re-appeared as *Mrs. Beverley*. We know nothing as to the engagements of Mrs. OGILVIE, but we cannot compliment the proprietors of Covent Garden, if she still belongs to the establishment, on that taste which brings forward the former lady to the obscurity of the latter.—Mrs. BARTLEY was, what she must ever be, correct, in the reading of *Mrs. Beverley*;—but we in vain watched for those intense bursts of feeling which should adorn the devoted wife—we can say no more.—Miss BEAUMONT as *Maria*, was elegant and lady-like.

#### TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

WE remember witnessing a very satiric scene in a pantomime at Sadler's Wells, where a *Clown* sets up a ham and beef shop in opposition—his rival asks a very low price,—the *Clown* still lower:—his opponent again reduces—the *Clown* then advertises to give away his commodity.—Drury-lane starts the '*Cataract of the Ganges*',—Covent Garden hires a Lisbon dancer;—then brings out CORTEZ,—and then, determined to make short of the work—'*Timour the Tartar*' is exhibited.—'*FARLEY*, my boy, you must make love as *Timour*—the horses must prance a new step—Nathaniel's coat must be fully made—Gabriel's pumps must be mended i'th' heel—a link to color Peter's hat,—and Walter's dagger must be new from sheathing:—'—and *FARLEY* does make love—his passion seems a tremendous fire—he puffs with its heat, as though

he was making love *by steam*, actually being, what *Grumio* desires, "a little pot soon hot"—yet we like *FARLEY*.

Mrs. VINING, as the *Princess Zorilda*, has "dignity in all her steps;" and Miss LOVE executes with astonishing power her allotted music. We prefer this piece to the '*Cataract*,' it is not so lofty in its pretensions;—our reason is not startled by a nondescript sailor frisking in a solemn temple, guarded with superstitious tenacity,—nor a missionary colonel destroying the religion of an age with one "call."—But, Mr. KEMBLE, not two melodramas of a night; the '*Cortez*' and '*Forty Thieves*,' spite of the rapacious swallow for spangled frippery are too persecuting:—"Spare us we beseech thee."

#### THE CABINET.

Mr. SINCLAIR has made his long-promised debut; the part selected was that of *Prince Orlando*. We never witnessed a more enthusiastic greeting than welcomed the return of this celebrated vocalist. Great as were Mr. SINCLAIR'S pretensions to the patronage which he enjoyed previous to his tour, they are now, by time and practice, rendered above all praise, and can only be fully appreciated by their hearers. We fearlessly acknowledge him the first singer of the day; his voice exceeds BRAHAM'S in compass, and is divested of those vain and wilder flourish in which the latter gentleman too frequently indulges. We think his execution of the *Polacca* to be the *chef d'œuvre* of vocal excellence: his deep manly notes subsiding into a falsetto as clear as it is powerful, yields to the senses the very soul of music; so brilliant is the effort, that the audience, forgetting the exertion of the singer in the delight which he imposes, have hitherto demanded its third repetition: An

air of beautiful simplicity, composed by Mr. SINCLAIR, was also received with much admiration: in fact, this gentleman's whole performance is one of the greatest triumphs, insuring to him the valuation of all admirers of unsophisticated harmony and vocal perfection. RAYNER plays *Peter* with much talent. HARLEY mingled our admiration with wonder at his personation of *Whimsicula* at this theatre: we like this liberality. FAWCETT has since taken this part? FAWCETT and HARLEY, 'handy-dandy,' which is which? BLANCHARD'S *Marquis de Grand Chateau* was inimitable, and KEELEY'S *Miniken* very amusing. Miss PATON as *Floretta*, sang the music most sweetly, and acted as well as she sang. Miss HAMMERSLEY improves; but her singing wants character. When we see Mrs. GIBBS as a waiting-woman, it makes us regret that we must one day lose her. Crowded audiences have witnessed the representation of the *Cabinet*: with SINCLAIR it is the feast of melody.

#### KING JOHN.

The representation of "*King John*," with the dresses of its time, forms an epoch in dramatic history. Whilst we congratulate the taste that projected this improvement, we are equal in our acknowledgements for the effect into which it has been carried; the delusion is no longer destroyed by the introduction of habits as it were opposite to the language and temper of the men who bear them, but every thing is associated: *John* no longer comes from the war-field in silk stockings, nor *Hubert* stalks in a *Romeo's* dress of black velvet and glass buttons. YOUNG, as *King John*, met the most critical notions of the imbecile and cruel monarch; genius quickly identifies itself; the decision of *John* in the case of the

*Bastard* prepared us for the excellence with which YOUNG endowed the subsequent parts of the monarch. His breaking with *Hubert* concerning *Arthur's* death: the tampering of guilt, and the dignity with which he sought to possess the abject king in his descent to make a murderer, evinced as much dramatic tact as genuine nature. KEMBLE'S *Faulconbridge* outstrips all praise; the full force and fidelity of the attempt can only be estimated by those who were sufficiently fortunate as to witness it. BENNETT'S *Hubert* possessed much energy and feeling, particularly in the reproofs to *Salisbury*. *Prince Arthur* was made more interesting than of late by Master HOLL, his first appearance.—Mrs. BARTLEY'S *Constance* was a total failure: it was mere declamation; we were disappointed. This lady indulged herself in a (to us) painful ejaculation which can never be the ebullition of true feeling. The defiance of despair and contempt, 'Here I and sorrow sit,' was rant without dignity; and her last scene cold and ineffective. Mrs. OGILVIE, as *Constance*, must now bear the palm, however the former lady might have contested her right.

#### SURREY.

We attended this Theatre in the hope of having three new pieces served up for our entertainment; alas! the vanity of human expectation. There were new titles to be sure; but we found that these pretenders to novelty, like certain rogues with whom the practice is prevalent, had only changed their appellations, because the trick could no longer be carried on under such worn-out delusions. This may be very pardonable, but we do not like to become victims to the cheat. 'The Purse, or the Benevolent

'Tar,' has been played with considerable success. HERRING's *Sailor* was characteristic; his song merited much of the applause it received; and 'little Miss HEALEY,' (as the phrase goes) made her first appearance under circumstances the most flattering. By the bye, 'little Miss HEALEY,' reserve those glances which you incessantly direct towards the pit, for some closet admirer: we are aware that your eyes say a great deal; that your figure is pleasing, and that you sing very prettily; but we fear, 'little Miss HEALEY,' that you will spoil every thing by affectation. The second piece 'mis-called the 'Haunted Chamber,' was an abridgement of the Comedy of the *Will*. Mr. BUCKINGHAM, as the *Old Steward Realize*, played so judiciously, that we regretted he had not more to do. This excellent actor has been strangely kept back of late, why we know not, and should we ask the manager the reason, he would say 'it is my humour.' VALE's *Veritas* had too much vulgarity to please; and the *Howard* of Mr. ROWBOTHAM was marked with much feeling and discrimination. But the great attraction of the piece was the debut of a 'Miss FRANCIS, from the Theatre Royal, Bath.' This young lady, whose chief perfection lies in a true *Listonic* countenance, seems to be in the highest good humour with her own talents, (*lucus a non lucendo*;) howbeit, could she teach herself a little sobriety of limb and placidity of feature she might ultimately become useful. The musical interlude of 'the *King's Coin*,' we recognized for the 'Recruiting Serjeant' of Dibdin, performed at this Theatre some ten years since. The piece is, however, lively and amusing, and the characters are well filled by GALLOT, HERRING, and Miss HEALEY. The audience

seemed to relish this portion of their entertainment extremely, but this might result from its brevity. We cannot conclude our notice, without alluding to the acting of Mr. H. KEMBLE, in the melodrama of the *Foulahs*. We have always admired this gentleman's pantomime; but we were not prepared for those peculiar beauties of action, the stifled energy of expression, bursting at times through the control of tyranny and the dread of torture, which attended his first performance of the *Slave*. We could scarcely have hoped for so fine a representation of the part, in the absence of the Ex-Manager. Mr. OXBERRY is still underlined in the bills. We hear that he is to appear as *Giles* in the *Miller's Maid*; O, tempora, O, mores!

#### ROYAL COBURG.

With more discretion, and certainly with more feeling than its neighbour, merely adopted a title which might be distorted into a reference to the late atrocious murder; but even that, whether by magisterial command, or the return of good taste, was after a few nights altered, and it now bears the name of 'Inseparables, or the Spectre of the Desolate Cottage;' it is a piece of a very harmless, and we may add of an indefinable character, full of ghosts, murderers, love, and blue fire. BRADLEY, *con amore*, butchers every thing, from a simple article to a light haired gentleman's carcase, and seems to be as familiar with blood and wounds as a surgeon of an hospital ship. STANLEY is tortured between the 'supernatural solicitings' of friendship, and the duties of all powerful love, and desirous, we suppose, to have comates in his miseries, most pertinaciously tortured us with 'unceasing noise and fury signifying nothing. The 'Day

after the *Wedding*,' under a new name, was also played, and Mrs. POPE, as '*Lady Elizabeth Free love*' performed with much vivacity and spirit. STANLEY had nothing of the colonel or the gentleman about him except his coat. '*The Iroquois, or the Indian's Oath*,' is a drama of considerable merit, and is well acted. Mrs. STANLEY seldom gives us occasion to praise her efforts: they are generally too *unfeminine*; but in this piece she evinced more feeling and judgment than we thought she possessed. BRADLEY also was good, because the author has not encumbered his character with much dialogue, consequently there were no gross absurdities manifested. If this actor would consult his own interest, he would confine himself entirely to *ballet acting*. HILL is a sensible young man and an improving actor. The house was fully attended.

#### OLYMPIC.

The proprietor of this Theatre can have little cause (if full houses are any criterion) to complain of the want of patronage. Since our last we have been here twice, and it gives us pleasure to say that on both occasions our amusement was complete. A new piece, under the title of a '*Race for a Wife*,' though evidently copied from '*How to die for Love*,' with a trifling alteration, is a very spirited, well written burletta: there is no lack of incident in it; they follow each other quickly, if not naturally, and the dialogue, without laying any extraordinary claims to brilliancy, is at least pointed and appropriate. With such recommendations, any piece tolerably acted might ensure success. The author cannot complain of this circumstance; for, with the single exception of E. CROOKE, in the *Servant*, which should have been given to W. WEST; it is on the whole played

with much animation. ELTON, as *Captain Seymour*, does 'not please us as at first': his manner wants spirit and elasticity, and he has a bad habit of suffering the muscles of his face to fall after every speech into a tragedy sternness. He is an intelligent actor, and should know that, while the tongue utters the language of joy and pleasure, the countenance, 'which is the index o' the mind,' ought to assimilate to it. POWER as an actor must always please; *Gayton* is a part not exactly in his line; but he bustles through it with credit. ROBINSON has not realized our expectation: it is true, his acting is chaste, and never approaches to caricature; but then his humour appears to partake of the qualities of the season. 'What private' griefs he hath we know not, for verily the sorrowful cast of his features would indicate the 'gloomy disposition' of a soul ill at ease; but odd's my life, Mr. R. leave your griefs at home; we come to laugh, and expect you to amuse us, and not look like a *breech'd Niobe*. '*Giovani in Botany*,' and '*Honest Thieves*,' in which POWER played *Teague* very humorously, finished the entertainments. W. BENNET'S *Abel* is most absurd.—The part is intended by the author to be a foolish one, but not so outrageously ridiculous as he makes it. The other characters, particularly Misses STUART and WATKINSON, were well acted.—We understand, a melo-drama, founded on '*Waverley*,' is in active and splendid preparation here.

#### ADELPHI THEATRE.

FOOTE'S mock heroic Tragedy of the '*Tailors*,' as altered by ARNOLD has been revived here, for the purpose, we presume, of throwing deserved ridicule upon the rage for four-footed actors. The subject is a proper one for satire. The

'Cataract of the Ganges' and the incident of the Mexican, in *Cortez*, are very humorously burlesqued. The acting of J. REEVE, in *Abrahamides*, in which he gave a few imitations of KEAN and MACCREADY, was very comic. WILKINSON, and Mrs. BAKER, (who has left the Olympic and joined this company) were amusing in *Francisco* and *Dorothea*. The house has been full every night during the last fortnight.

#### THE SHEFFIELD SHAKSPEARE CLUB.

ON Wednesday, the 19th inst. a numerous party of Gentlemen assembled at the Tontine Inn, to shew their admiration of our immortal dramatic Bard. It seems that it has been the constant practice of a reverend gentleman in the town of Sheffield, to deliver an annual discourse on the subject of theatrical amusements, and to warn his auditors against the evil tendency of the stage. These annual discourses were distinguished by a strain of virulent invective, not only against dramatic performances, but against all who participated in an amusement which the reverend orator denounced as the direct and certain road to perdition. The consequence of these pious philippics was the establishment of a Shakspeare Club, the avowed object of which was to protect the Stage and the Drama from any bigotted or illiberal attacks which might be made upon them. Another consequence of the sermons has been a more regular and constant attendance at the theatre by the inhabitants of Sheffield, so that the *corps dramatique* consider the reverend gentleman as being virtually one of the greatest promoters of their interest. After the cloth was removed,

The Chairman, B. J. WAKE, Esq., gave—"The King."—"The Ladies, whose red and white nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

The Chairman then rose to propose, "The immortal memory of William Shakspeare." After some appropriate preliminary remarks, he proceeded to notice more particularly the circumstances which led to the establishment of this club. Against dramatic entertainments, the speaker said, there has been lately raised from the pulpit of one of our churches a voice as strong in invective and illiberality, as it is feeble in reason and common sense. We have been told, gentlemen, to quote some of the language to which I peculiarly allude, that it is the decided judgment of the preacher, "that no real christian can or will frequent the theatre, and therefore that none who do frequent it can be real christians." This is the position, and an attempt has been made to defend it by language as bold as the position itself. One of the main grounds upon which this proposition is founded, is a rigid and literal interpretation of a text in scripture, which teaches every man to eat, and drink, and do all things for the glory of God—a text which, like many others, it is impossible to expound, without the use of metaphor.—Now, my band of brother-christians, for such I call you in spite of the *Best* authority against the appellation, ye who are thus denounced, ye who contribute to support the man who thus uncharitably anathematizes us all, permit me for a few moments to occupy your time, whilst I pass upon this doctrine the compliment of my own, and I hope I may say our united opinion. I call it a compliment, because the doctrine itself is really too absurd to deserve any notice, and the only claim it has to have any bestowed upon it, is derived from the respectability and talents of the Divine who thus launches it out indiscriminately, as an annual gauntlet of provocation and defiance to the public (applause). To be told from a public forum, where no answer is allowable, and where, to use the words of Hudibras—

"The parsons ever use their right,  
Against all such as cannot fight."

To be told that the majority of civilized society are not christians, because they frequent an entertainment sanctioned by all ages, licensed and patronized by the head of the church, frequented by that head and by some of the episcopal dignitaries of the country; to be told that our late revered monarch George the



Third, whose private life was one uniform system of piety and virtue, was not a christian because he was the patron and admirer of the drama and the stage, and that therefore he has been consigned to irredeemable perdition (which is part of the orthodox doctrine;) to be told all this by a man owing allegiance to his King, and particular obedience to a Right Rev. Archbishop, who may be seen at the theatre attended by his own family; to be told all this by the immediate successor to the same pulpit, which was dignified by men who lived amongst us in good fellowship and society, but from whose lips we never heard such impiety (as I call it,) and against whose practice this doctrine aims a retrospective blow; to be told, I say, all this, is, to say the least of it, an outrageous departure to common decency—a libel upon the living and the dead—a libel upon faith—a libel upon charity—a trespass upon private property and avocations, and a breach of that allegiance which is due from a subject to his king (bursts of applause.) Am I tamely to hear it said that I am a dog and an infidel, because I seek a relaxation from the ordinary avocations of life, by attending the representation of an innocent and instructive play? Is this the language of a minister of peace? Is this the voice of persuasion? Is this the inculcation of christianity? No, gentlemen, is it not rather like the railings of a wild fanatic, substituting declamation, little short of blasphemy, for reason; and dealing out perdition by wholesale with unsparing severity, and unpardonable bigotry? Why, gentlemen, did this doctrine prevail, we should soon find every man changed into a *Capuchin* or a *Trappist*, and every woman, which God in his mercy forbid, into a vestal (a laugh.) Away with music, dancing, and the social board—away with hospitality and its festive rites—away with that gratitude to God which teaches us a reasonable enjoyment of the bounties of his magnificent creation—away, in fact, with every thing, save fanaticism and hypocrisy, which by some *Hohenlohe*-like miracle are in future to teach mankind to eat venison pasty, and drink arrack punch, with no other relish for them than — the Glory of God!! — (Much laughter and applause.) As well might they pretend to teach us to improve upon this system of pious mortification, by abstaining from the secular enjoyments of eating and drinking.

"Then 'twould not be who's stout and bold;

But who bears hunger best and cold;  
And he's approv'd the most *deserving*,  
Who longest can hold out at *starving*."

As to these virtues, gentlemen, for my own part, I can only say, that I shall very willingly leave the merit of them to the theory and theology of that sect who may feel an inclination to adopt the practice of them:

"A sect whose chief devotion lies,  
In odd perverse antipathies;  
Fat goose and pig itself oppose,  
And blaspheme custard through the nose."

But, gentlemen, seriously to sum up my judgment upon the doctrine of which we complain, I cannot do better than open the leaves of Shakspeare, and there I shall find an applicable censure, compressed in a single expressive line—

"'Tis pure impiety and impious purity."

Gentlemen, I mean no individual reflections *ad hominem*, I use no argument, and of all things I pray that I may not be understood as uttering one word in disrespect of the fundamental laws of religion and morality, or to pass a breath of censure against any man who reasonably follows the dictates of his own conscience; but, gentlemen, I do claim the right as boldly to condemn this doctrine as this doctrine condemneth me. Now, gentlemen, to quit this subject, travel with me in the imagination into the Forest of Arden, now converted into a fertile vale, laved by the gently-murmuring waters of the soft flowing Avon, and immortalized by the sweet Bard of its banks—and there I will find you a sermon worthy of your pensive attention.

"Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?"

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The season's difference—as the icy fang,

And churlish chiding of the wintry wind,

Which, while it bites and blows upon my body,

Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile and say

This is no flattery,—these are counselors

That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in its head,  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

It might be expected, gentlemen, that in my remarks to you this day I should be more copious in my quotations from our immortal Bard; but the fact is, that his beauties are so numerous and so exquisite, that the mind becomes puzzled and lost in the selection. Gentlemen, I shall make no apology for detaining you so long. I will rather apologize that I say no more upon a theme which lays open such a boundless track for the imagination, and where, to use Shakspeare's own words—

"The mind may banquet, though the body pine."

Let us then drink to "the Immortal Memory of William Shakspeare," with that reverence and respect which his genius deserves.

Glee—"The Mulberry Tree."

The Chairman, on proposing the health of "Our Noble Townsman, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk," Mr. Wake paid a justly merited compliment to the ability with which H. Parker, Esq. presided on the recent occasion of the dinner to Earl Fitzwilliam. Mr. Wake concluded by the following emphatic sentence:—"Kingdoms, Dynasties, and Potentates, sinking beneath the ravages of anarchy and rebellion, have crumbled into dust; and 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind.' Whilst, as if it were to teach the world that virtue is alone invincible (*sola virtus invicta*), the name of Howard stands firm upon its hereditary seat, the pinnacle of rank; whilst "all the blood of all the Howards" flows uncontaminated and untainted in its ancient course; whilst their Princely domains have not been blotted in title by the fell hand of confiscation; and "whilst a bold tenantry, their country's pride," now occupying the farms which their forefathers tilled, render to their noble and munificent landlords the homage of a grateful heart, in lieu of the villanage of feudal bondage.

"Earl Fitzwilliam—

"Whose peaceful days benevolence endears,  
Whose nights congratulating conscience cheers."

Song—"Auld long syne."

"The Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire—the Earl of Harewood."

"Lord Milton and Mr. Wortley, the Members in Parliament for the County of York."

"Walter Fawkes, Esq. the High Sheriff for this County."

"The Duke of Devonshire."

Glee—"What shall he have that killed the deer?"

"The Memory of David Garrick."

The Chairman then proposed

"The Rev. Charles Steade Hope, Vicar of all Saints at Derby, but not Vicar of all Saints at Sheffield."

The healths of the Chairman, the Vice-Presidents, and the Stewards, were next drank; the Memory of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Siddons the tragic Music, and many other appropriate toasts were given, and the evening's festivity was kept up to a late hour.

We are indebted to a friend at Sheffield for the above interesting account of the Shakspeare Club of that town; the favor of which we thus publicly acknowledge. We beg to call the attention of our readers to the admirable speech of the Chairman, whose eloquent, manly, and argumentative exposition of cant and bigotry against the morality of the Drama, is above all praise; every line is full of sound reasoning, and speaks a mind of acuteness and sensibility; we will not lessen its effects by any remarks of ours, in favour of a cause to which we are proud to own ourselves devotedly attached from principle—we only hope that such a cause will ever have similar defenders, and then we may 'laugh to scorn' the efforts of ignorant bigotry, and unchristian malice.

ED.

MISS TREE and MISS PATON.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to a letter which has appeared in the *Examiner* of the 23rd inst. on the subject of the supposed difference existing between the ladies above-named.—Its arguments are unanswerable.





Engr'd by Meadows

Eng'd by Tago

MR. MACREADY AS CAIUS,  
in  
*'Caius Gracchus.'*

Pub<sup>d</sup> by Duncombe 19 Little Queen St. Holborn.